

THE LITERARY MIRROR.

VOL. 1.]

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[NO. 4.]

Sweet flowers and fruits from fair Parnassus' mount,
And varied knowledge from rich Science' fount,
We hither bring.

In our first and second number we gave the life and character of the celebrated MUSÆUS; we here present our readers with his address, as introductory to his Physiognomical Travels. As there is great acknowledged merit in this performance, we shall not unfrequently enrich our columns with a portion of the work, for the gratification of our patrons.

A PHYSIOGNOMICAL JOURNAL.

CHAPTER I.

A Word from the Author to the Reader.

GOD knows how little I thought some time ago, that so extraordinary an event as the present would ever have happened, viz. that I should enter into the illustrious corporation of bookmakers. I never accustomed myself to value the book maker more highly than the hat maker, but made my use of both as occasion required. My sheep and hare skins have been sold to the hat maker, and my wheat and rye to the bookseller, without my entertaining the least idea that I should ever make either a book or a hat. But about a year ago I was seized—I cannot positively say with illness, though it bore some resemblance to a plethoric affection; but with strange and unknown workings within me, for which I could by no means account, till a celebrated author of the present times—I have not his work at hand, else would I quote name, chapter, and verse—furnished me with a clue to the malady. He gave the child its proper appellation; called it a strong propensity of the mind to make some external effort; and convinced me that the only effectual cure would be to make the effort required. The next thing therefore was to examine what this might be, when my inward feelings told me very plainly and drily, that it was not to make a hat, but to make a book. Indeed experience convinces me, that writing a book is as much an effect of the necessities of our nature, as eating our dinner, or going to sleep.

Reader, here hast thou my credentials. Canst thou not comprehend me? then try to stop the sails of the windmill, or the great wheel of the water mill with thy hand, when the wind or the stream drives it on; or to cast anchor in the midst of the ocean when the storm rages and hurries the vessel to and fro; or to do what Tycho Brahe did as he sat at dinner at the young Chevalier de Rosenberg's table; and see how thou wilt succeed. Better is it to let nature take her course, than endeavor to repress her with the force of a fly, or stifle her through overstrained modesty.

Do not presume, reader, that this propensity to writing is the mere effect of youthful prurience, or that I am going to put thee off with the refuse of my shop, as great dealers put off their old wares upon the twopenny stalls. Believe me I have selected every word and every phrase with the nicest attention, and will count them out with the utmost exactness, as my mother used to do with her peas when she was making soup, strickly examining every one, and numbering them over and over again, that she might put in none but what were ripe, mealy, and of exquisite flavor, and not one more or less than the proper quantity.

Neither have I caught the materials for my book from the air, as do many of our present writers, shaking out all the effusions of their fancy upon paper, and casting, as it were, shadows upon the wall, like a magic lantern, that are in fact nothing but illusion. I give you every thing exactly as it occurred upon my travels, as I saw it with my own eyes, and heard it with my own ears. I state the pure undisguised truth, as is the duty of every conscientious traveller.

Thus much in the first place. Now hear, in the second place, how it came about that this journey was undertaken.

Since many persons of both sexes, and of all nations, have before me wandered forth into the wide world only to furnish themselves with something to talk about at their return home, one seeking this object, another that, many of whom have met with wonderful adventures, which might be here related to the infinite entertainment and instruction of the reader, were they not wholly foreign to our purpose. So was my mind even from my earliest youth much set upon wandering, though I knew not for a long time what I should take as the principal subject for my speculations. To trot after others as my sheep pace after the bell-wether would by no means accord with my disposition. I could not follow Master Yorick like the sentimental mechanic, nor gape at old carved work and useless statues of ancient Romans amid the ruined towns of Italy, like the wealthy traveller. I could not, like the painter, spend whole hours in examining a Titian, or a Holbein; nor like squire Twiss, cross the seas merely to run over foreign countries; nor with Mr. Banks and Dr. Solander make a botanical voyage round the world; nor with Captain Niebuhr traverse the deserts of Arabia, and encounter the blast of the Sirocco to enable the mighty men of the Faculty afterwards to compose a more efficient pharmacopeia as they lolled at ease in their arm chairs. No, I must travel entirely in my own way, travel as never man travelled before me. It was not my plan to keep along the broad highways, where every moment I might be liable to encounter grand equipages, with the horn-blowing before them to warn such little people as myself out of the way; but rather to beat my own path, not stopped either by hedge or ditch, by castle or tower; sometimes crossing the lands of others,

may sometimes perhaps even their gardens. I thought within myself, I shall not do much mischief, for even should here and there a few blades of stubble or grass be eaten, 'tis no great injury to the owner; and if he will be so unreasonable as to pursue me with sticks and poles, nothing remains but to put the best foot foremost.

It happened about this time, that one of the lost sciences of ancient days began again to rear up its head—this was Physiognomy—a science upon which the philosophers of Greece and Rome were wont to employ much of their eloquence, and upon which also in the times of our forefathers many a ponderous volume was written, that now moulders upon the dusty shelves of libraries, like old armour in our armories. For with grief of heart must it be acknowledged, there be but too many senseless heads who decry this most noble of all sciences, as idle and groundless, replete with vain and unfounded fancies; who can be so blind to all that is really great and excellent in the world, as to persuade themselves that an acquaintance with the dead languages is of more use than the knowledge of mankind, and that the inquiring mind is better employed in investigating the properties of plants, in catching moths and butterflies, in classing the different species of vermin, collecting snail shells, and inventing names for stones, than in studying the human countenance, and from the form of the outward shell, determining the properties of the kernel within. Thus has this glorious branch of knowledge lain buried in darkness and obscurity for many ages; till at length, in the grand revolution of things, it is again in these our days brought forth to light, and restored to all its original splendor.

The revival of this study has proved to me a noble mine from which I have extracted many a choice treasure, nor had I been long engaged upon the working of it before I found that it contained such a superabundant vein of ore, as to be wholly inexhaustible by human researches, and to give full assurance of affording ample food for the mind even to the end of my life. I therefore associated myself with some friends, with whom I commenced a close and ardent physiognomical intercourse, and have investigated with them its fundamental principles; with them sought diligently into the truth of its axioms; and with them come to many just and important conclusions. The result of all these observations I have with unwearied industry and accuracy regularly committed to paper, as will farther appear by my journal.

I had now for some time employed myself in physiognomising all the members of my own house, all my friends and acquaintance, and every one else who chanced to fall under my observation, clergy as well as laity, my neighbours as well as my tenants; had measured every contour of their profiles by the established standard, and meditated upon them, till I was so fully confirmed in my physiognomical faith, that I believed it impossible to be shaken, when I receiv-

ed intelligence from some of my friends and fellow laborers, both *viva voce* and by letter, that the bright rays of physiognomical light which had so lately begun to illumine the earth, were now no longer confined to the land on which they at first shone, but were spreading over all the Roman and German nations with equal clearness and radiance; that this new science had already been received, and its truth acknowledged by thousands, and that it was now so firmly rooted, as to leave no doubt of its continual progress and increase.

This information gave me inexpressible transport, and I immediately thought within myself, Thou shalt be the first to wander forth upon physiognomical grounds, to make a pilgrimage among thy brethren in the faith, through their physiognomical creeds to strengthen and improve thine own, and to witness with thine own eyes the truth of what thou hast heard reported. I applied myself therefore more ardently than ever to my studies, and sought out with the utmost industry all the associates in the science who, like the members of the invisible church, were spread about to the four winds of heaven, over the whole German nation.

And now I am returned home from my excursion, and do not doubt that the way once opened, thousands will quickly follow in the same track: it is free to all, none can be refused a passage. Through my means, many an adventurer may be enabled to acquire fame at a cheap and easy rate, like the followers of Christopher Columbus, who, when he had by unspeakable toils and cares opened them a passage to the new world, reaped the harvest of glory of which he had sown the seeds.

Reader, I have thus put thee in possession of all the requisite information previous to accompanying me on my physiognomical tour, on which I will now enter with heart and soul. I write from my own private closet, on the day of Saint Modesti, in the year 1781, according to the new and improved calendar.

The following extract is from CUMBERLAND'S MEMOIRS written by himself. It is a fine story, and very humourously told. To such of our readers as may not have met with it, it will we think be gratifying.

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH began at this time to write for the stage, and it is to be lamented that he did not begin at an earlier period of life to turn his genius to dramatic compositions, and much more to be lamented, that, after he had begun, the succeeding period of his life was so soon cut off. There is no doubt but his genius, when more familiarized to the business, would have inspired him to accomplish great things. His first comedy of *The Good-natured Man* was read and applauded in its manuscript by Edmund Burke, and the circle in which he then lived and moved: under such patronage it came with those testimonials to the director of Covent Garden theatre, as could not fail to open all the avenues to the stage, and bespeak all the favour and attention from the performers and the public, that the applauding voice of him, whose applause was fame itself, could give it. This comedy has enough to justify the good opinion of its literary patron, and secure its author against any loss of reputation, for it has the stamp of a

man of talents upon it, though its popularity with the audience did not quite keep pace with the expectations, that were grounded on the fiat it had antecedently been honoured with. It was a first effort however, and did not discourage its ingenious author from invoking his Muse a second time. It was now, whilst his labours were in projection, that I first met him at the British Coffee-house, as I have already related somewhat out of place. He dined with us as a visitor, introduced as I think by sir Joshua Reynolds, and we held a consultation upon the naming of his comedy, which some of the company had read, and which he detailed to the rest after his manner with a great deal of good humour. Somebody suggested—*She Stoops to Conquer*—and that title was agreed upon. When I perceived an embarrassment in his manner towards me, which I could readily account for, I lost no time to put him at his ease, and I flatter myself I was successful. As my heart was ever warm towards my contemporaries, I did not counterfeit, but really felt a cordial interest in his behalf, and I had soon the pleasure to perceive that he credited me for my sincerity—"You and I," said he, "have very different motives for resorting to the stage. I write for money, and care little about fame." I was touched by this melancholy confession, and from that moment busied myself assiduously amongst all my connexions in his cause. The whole company pledged themselves to the support of the ingenuous poet, and faithfully kept their promise to him. In fact he needed all that could be done for him, as Mr. Colman, then manager of Covent Garden theatre, protested against the comedy, when as yet he had not struck upon a name for it. Johnson at length stood forth in all his terrors as champion for the piece, and backed by us his clients and retainers demanded a fair trial. Colman again protested, but, with that salvo, for his own reputation, liberally lent his stage to one of the most eccentric productions, that ever found its way to it, and *She Stoops to Conquer* was put into rehearsal."

"We were not over-sanguine of success, but perfectly determined to struggle hard for our author: we accordingly assembled our strength at the Shakespeare Tavern in a considerable body for an early dinner, where Samuel Johnson took the chair at the head of a long table, and was the life and soul of the corps: the poet took post silently by his side with the Burkes, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Fitzherbert, Caleb Whitefoord and a phalanx of North-British pre-determined applauders, under the banner of Maj. Mills, all good men and true. Our illustrious president was in inimitable glee, and poor Goldsmith that day took all his railery as patiently and complacently as my friend Boswell would have done any day, or every day of his life. In the mean time we did not forget our duty, and though we had a better comedy going, in which Johnson was chief actor, we betook ourselves in good time to our separate and allotted posts, and waited the awful drawing up of the curtain. As our stations were preconcerted, so were our signals for plaudits arranged and determined upon in a manner, that gave every one his cue where to look for them, and how to follow them up.

We had amongst us a very worthy and efficient member, long since lost to his friends and the world at large, Adam Drummond, of amiable memory, who was gifted by nature with the

most sonorous, and at the same time the most contagious, laugh, that ever echoed from the human lungs. The neighing of the horse of the son of Hystaspes was a whisper to it; the whole thunder of the theatre could not drown it. This kind and ingenuous friend fairly fore-warned us that he knew no more when to give his fire than the cannon did that was planted on a battery. He desired therefore to have a flapper at his elbow, and I had the honour to be deputed to that office. I planted him in an upper box, pretty nearly over the stage, in full view of the pit and galleries, and perfectly well situated to give the echo all its play through the hollows and recesses of the theatre. The success of our manœuvres was complete. All eyes were upon Johnson, who sate in a front row of a side box, and when he laughed every body thought themselves warranted to roar. In the mean time my friend followed signals with a rattle so irresistibly comic, that, when he had repeated it several times, the attention of the spectators was so engrossed by his person and performances, that the progress of the play seemed likely to become a secondary object, and I found it prudent to insinuate to him that he might halt his music without any prejudice to the author; but alas, it was now too late to rein him in; he had laughed upon my signal where he found no joke, and now unluckily he fancied that he found a joke in almost every thing that was said; so that nothing in nature could be more mal-a-propos than some of his bursts every now and then and were. These were dangerous moments, for the pit began to take umbrage; but we carried our play through, and triumphed not only over Colman's judgment, but our own.

The following Anecdote of the humanity of HENRY IV, of France (says the Port Folio) is peculiarly agreeable, because it is related by GOLDSMITH.

HUMANITY is melted into tears of tender admiration by the deportment of Henry IV. of France, while his rebellious subjects compelled him to form the blockade of his capital. In chastising his enemies he could not but remember they were his people; and knowing they were reduced to the extremity of famine, he generously connived at the methods practised to supply them with provisions. Chancing one day to meet two peasants who had been detected in these practises, as they were led to execution they implored his clemency, declaring in the sight of heaven, they had no other way to procure subsistence for their wives and children. He pardoned them on the spot, and giving them all the money that was in his purse, "Henry of Bearne is poor," said he, "had he more money to afford, you should have it. Go home to your family in peace: and remember your duty to God and your allegiance to your sovereign."

A new incident in the forgery of a will has lately occurred, which would have done honor to the brilliant invention of a Barrington—The trick of putting and guiding a pen in the dead man's hand, was not sufficient to satisfy the conscience of the parties; it became absolutely necessary to swear that there was life in him—and a live fly was actually put in the mouth of the corpse in order that they might safely swear to the fact. [Lon. Pap.]

Native Poetry.

LINES
ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY.

LET Bards resound the fame of kings,
A theme more pleasing tunes my strings,
And Pæon fain would join;
But needs the muse APOLLO'S aid,
Or tuneful NINE, when the lov'd maid
T' inspire is more divine!

As rising Sol's celestial ray,
Touch'd Memnon's harp to harmony,
So mine, her power obeys;
Kiss'd by the sunbeams of her eyes,
Feels all its strings awaken'd rise
To rapture in her praise.

Whose glowing bosom is the seat,
Where all the radiant virtues meet,
And fairest knowledge joins;
Whose heart has every winning grace,
And in whose sweet expressive face,
The soul of beauty shines.

While on her cheek the lovely rose,
In nature's brightest blushes blows,
And though it blooms to die,
Her mind bedew'd with heavenly showers,
Bears the celestial fruits and flowers
Of immortality.

Monitorial.

AN ADDRESS TO YOUTH.

LET not the season of youth be barren of improvements in virtue so essential to your future felicity and honor. Now is the seed time of life; and according to what you sow, you shall reap. Your character is now, under divine assistance of your own forming; your fate is, in some measure, put into your own hands. Whatever impulse you now give to your desires and passions, the direction is likely to continue. It will form the channel in which your life is to run; nay it may determine its everlasting issue. Consider then the employment of the important period, as the highest trust which shall ever be committed to you; as in a great measure, decisive of your happiness, in time, and in eternity. As, in the succession of the seasons each, by the inviolable laws of nature, affects the productions of what is next in course; so, in human life, every period of our age, according as it is well or ill spent influences the happiness of that which is to follow. Virtuous youth gradually brings forward accomplished and flourishing manhood; and such manhood passes of itself, without uneasiness, into respectable and tranquil old age. But when nature is turned out of its regular course, disorder takes place in the vegetable world. If the spring put forth no blossoms, in the summer there will be no beauty, and in Autumn there will be no fruit. So, if youth be trifled away without improvement, manhood will be contemptible, and old age miserable. If the beginnings of life have been vanity, its latter end can be no other than vexation of spirit.

Human life is so full of lamentable events, that either for ourselves, or for our fellow creatures, we find continual subjects for mourning; and thus, that benevolence which is the very essence of virtue, contributes to make us wretched.

CLEANLINESS.

A Gentleman once told me, that cleanliness was nearly allied to godliness. This is rather bold; but as it might have originated from a nice sense of physical purity, I would not very harshly condemn it. I believe every one who practises cleanliness, will feel the excellent effects produced by a suitable attention to this minor virtue. The intellect is gratefully affected; the blood courses through the system, and gives vigor and activity. Beauty is also the consequence of purity. Cosmetics only mar the skin.—They destroy the swell of the muscles, and the clear blueness of the veins; they tear to pieces the nice net work of the skin, and reduce to dull uniformity of colour the various tints, which should illuminate the countenance. They also insinuate poison into the body, and soon the fine elasticity of the system gives way to morbid clayiness, and sluggish creeping of the blood succeeds to its former rushing and rapid activity. But look at a French woman, after she has come out of the bath. She is a perfect Venus, risen from the froth of the sea; a celestial light beams from her eyes; her lips breathe the fragrance of health, and her voice is sweeter than the music of the Graces at the banquets of the Gods. Such are truly the divine effects of physical purity. The French women are almost amphibious, and this is one great reason why they are so beautiful. I am afraid my country women are not entitled to high praise for regular attention to cleanliness. I indeed know some, who use the tepid bath and a clean napkin, instead of discoloring themselves with vile washes, dews and creams from the perfumer; but are there not too many, gentlemen and ladies, who pass many months, without feeling the luxury of complete purification? Were I to pursue the subject to niceness of detail, I should have a plenty of subject for many pages; but I hope that the neglect has rather arisen from forgetfulness and inattention, than from dislike to purity or sympathy with uncleanness.

RECEIPT FOR A LADY'S DRESS.

Let your ear rings be *attention*, encircled by the pearls of *refinement*; the diamonds of your neck lace be *truth*, and the chain *Christianity*; your bosom pin be *charity*, ornamented with the pearls of *gentleness*; your finger rings be *affection*, set round with the diamonds of *industry*; your girdle be *simplicity*, with the tassels of *good humour*; let your thicker garb be *virtue*, and your drapery *politeness*: let your shoes be *wisdom*, secured by the buckles of *perseverance*.

TPERE is an admirable partition of qualities between the sexes, which the great author of being has distributed to each, with a wisdom which calls for all our admiration.

Man is strong—Woman is beautiful. Man is daring and confident—Woman is diffident and unassuming. Man is great in action—Woman in suffering. Man shines abroad—Woman at home. Man talks to convince—Woman to persuade and please. Man has a rugged heart—Woman a soft and tender one. Man prevents misery—Woman relieves it. Man has science—Woman taste. Man has judgment—Woman sensibility. Man is a being of justice—Woman of mercy.

EMPRESS OF RUSSIA'S CHOICE.

WHEN the Princess of Hesse d'Harmstadt brought her three daughters to the Empress of Russia, in order that she might chuse one of them as the wife of the Grand Duke, the Empress decided instantly in favour of the second. When her Majesty was asked the reason of this sudden preference, she replied, "I observed the three Princesses from my window, as they descended from their carriage. The eldest made a false step; the second stepped down in an easy and natural manner; the third leaped out." Though this was a very angular manner of forming an opinion, it so happened that the first was awkward, and the youngest too forward.



PORTSMOUTH, March 12, 1808.

* * * Gentlemen holding subscriptions for the "LITERARY MIRROR" would do the Editor a particular favor in forwarding them as soon as possible to his office at Portsmouth.

DISTRESSING EVENTS.

On the 3d inst. two children of Capt. E. Snow, and one of Capt. Henry Snow, all about 10 years of age, were drowned at Cohasset. They were playing on the ice, when one of them fell in; the others with the mother of two of them, flew to the relief of the child in the water, and all fell in, one after another. By the exertions of some men the woman was saved, after being some minutes in the water; but all attempts to rescue the children were unavailing.

Drowned, in the Merrimac, Miss Sarah Kent, aged 22. She was passing the river in a sleigh, with her brother, Amos Kent, Esq. of Chester, N. H. his wife and three small children, when the ice gave way, and all were precipitated into the water. Providentially none were drowned except Miss Kent; an amiable young lady.

The house of Mr. A. Newland, in Maiden Lane, New York, with its contents, groceries, &c. was consumed by fire on the 28th ult. The family very narrowly escaped.

The back of the house No. 107, occupied by Mr. Deforest as a hardware store, was considerably damaged. Most of the property was insured.

ORDAINED

In Dummerston, Vt. Rev. Hosea Beckley.

MARRIED

In Somersworth, Mr. Nock, of Lebanon, aged 78, to the truly amiable and lovely Miss Lydia Bricker, aged 69.

In Newburyport, Mr. Josiah Paige, to Miss Elizabeth Kimball.

In Chester, Mr. David M'Gregore Jones, of Wilton, to Miss Polly Dimon, of Goffstown.

DIED

In Concord, Mrs. Hannah Fifield, aged 78.

In Chester, very suddenly, Mrs. Hall, consort of Dea. Jona. Hall, to whom she had been united for 67 years.

In Salem, Capt. John R. Dalling, aged 30.

In Scotland, the celebrated Dr. Henry Moyes, aged 57; he was delivering a course of lectures on natural philosophy; but being seized with a complaint at the stomach, a very short indisposition deprived the world of this learned and valuable character.

In Newburyport, Dea. Thomas Thompson, aged 68.

On his passage from Labrador to Spain, Captain Eben'r Hale, of Newburyport, aged about 30.

In Boston, Capt. Isaac Cutter, aged 46. Mrs. Frances Bumstead, aged 24. Miss Maria Cary.

In Dover, Mr. William King, aged 70; the father of the present attorney general of the state. He was a man who through life, had sustained a character for strict honesty, integrity and philanthropy. His death is most sincerely lamented by his relatives, and regretted by all who had the happiness of his acquaintance.—Mrs. Burnham, wife of Joseph Burnham, Capt. Morris Hobbs. Dover, N.H.



Selected Poetry.

"The rich flowers of Fancy with Genius entwined,
Form a bouquet of sweets for the classical mind."

THE MILLER'S MAID. A TALE.

BY ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

Continued from our last.

FIVE years she pass'd in this delightful home ;
Five happy years : but, when the sixth was come,
The Miller, from a market town hard by,
Brought home a sturdy youth, his strength to try ;
To raise the sluice-gates early every morn,
To heave his powder'd sacks, and grind his corn :
And meeting Phoebe, whom he lov'd so dear,
"I've brought you home a husband, girl ;—d'ye hear ?
He begg'd for work ; his money seem'd but scant ;
Those that will work 'tis pity they should want :
So use him well, and we shall shortly see
Whether he merits what I've done like thee."
Now throb'd her heart—a new sensation quite—
Whene'er the comely stranger was in sight :
For he at once assiduously strove
To please so sweet a maid, and win her love.
At every corner stopp'd her in her way,
And saw fresh beauties opening every day.
He took delight in tracing in her face
The mantling blush, and every nameless grace
That sensibility would bring to view,
When love he mention'd ;—love and honor true.
But Phoebe still was shy, and wish'd to know
More of the honest youth, whose manly brow
She verily believ'd was Truth's own throne,
And all his words as artless as her own :
Most true she judg'd ; yet, long the youth forbore
Divulging where, or how, he liv'd before ;
And seem'd to strive his history to hide,
Till fair Esteem enlisted on his side.
The Miller saw, and mention'd, in his praise,
The prompt fidelity of all his ways :
Till in a vacant hour, the dinner done,
One day he joking cried, "Come here, my son !
'Tis pity that so good a lad as you
Beneath my roof should bring disorder new !
But here's my Phoebe, once so light and gay,
She'd trip along the passage like a fay,
Has lost her swiftness quite since here you came :
And yet . . . I can't perceive the girl is lame !
The obstacles she meets with still fall thicker ;
Old as I am I'd turn a corner quicker."
The youth blush'd deep, and Phoebe hung her head ;
The good man smil'd, and thus again he said :
"Not that I deem it matter of surprise,
That you should love to gaze at Phoebe's eyes ;
But be explicit, boy, and deal with honor :
I feel my happiness depend upon her."

When here you came you'd sorrow on your brow,
And I've forborne to question you till now :—
First, then, say what thou art." He instant bow'd,
And thus, in Phoebe's hearing, spoke aloud :
"Thus far experienc'd, Sir, in you I find
All that is generous, fatherly, and kind ;
And while you look for proofs of real worth,
You'll not regard the meanness of my birth.
When penniless and sad, you met with me,
I'd just escap'd the dangers of the sea ;
Resolv'd to try my fortune on the shore ;
To get my bread, and trust the waves no more,
Having no home, nor parents left behind,
I'd all my fortune, all my friends, to find.
Keen disappointment wounded me that morn ;
For trav'ling near the spot where I was born,
I, at the well known door where I was bred,
Inquir'd who still was living, who was dead :
But first, and most, I sought with anxious fear,
Tidings to gain of her who once was dear ;
A girl, with all the meekness of the dove,
The constant sharer of my childhood's love ;
She call'd me brother—which I heard with pride,
Tho' now suspect we were not so allied.
Thus much I learnt (no more the churls would say :)
She went to service, and she ran away ;
And scandal added—"Hold !" the Miller cried,
And in an instant stood at Phoebe's side ;
For he observ'd, while listening to the tale,
Her spirits falter'd, and her cheeks turn'd pale ;
Whilst her clasp'd hands descended to her knee,
She, sinking, whisper'd forth, "O God, 'tis he !"
The good man, tho' he guess'd the pleasing truth,
Was far too busy to inform the youth ;
But stirr'd himself amain to aid his wife,
Who soon restor'd the trembler back to life.
Awhile insensible she still appear'd ;
But, "O my brother !" was distinctly heard :
Th' astonish'd youth now held her to his breast ;
And tears and kisses soon explain'd the rest.
Past deeds now from each tongue alternate fell ;
For news of dearest import both could tell.
Fondly, from childhood's tears to youth's full prime,
They match'd the incidents of jogging time ;
And prov'd that when with tyranny oppress'd,
Poor Phoebe groan'd with wounds and broken rest,
George felt no less : was harass'd and forlorn ;
A rope's end follow'd him both night and morn.
And in that very storm when Phoebe fled,
When the rain drench'd her yet unshelter'd head ;
That very storm he on the ocean brav'd,
The vessel founder'd, and the boy was sav'd !
Mysterious Heaven ! and O with what delight
She told the happy issue of her flight :
To his charm'd heart a living picture drew,
And gave to Hospitality its due !
The list'ning host observ'd the gentle pair,
And ponder'd on the means that brought them there ;
Convinc'd, while unimpeach'd their virtue stood,
'Twas heaven's high will that he should do them good.

(To be continued.)

On the female mode of wearing watches in the bosom.

AMONG our fashionable bands,
No wonder now if Time should linger,
Allow'd to place his two rude hands
Where others dare not lay a finger.

Anecdotes.

There is a story of a sailor who coming off his cruise with his pockets full of prize money, admired the admiral's velvet waistcoat, so much, that nothing could satisfy him, until he had one made for himself of the very same stuff. He accordingly enquired for the admiral's tailor, of whom he went to bespeak his waistcoat. The tailor, after having taken his measure, asked him what he should make the back of ?—"Why of the same stuff to be sure !" quoth Jack.—It is not usual, quoth the tailor, to make the back of those rich waistcoats of the same stuff with the front ; the admiral had the back of his made of common cloth. "No matter for that, quoth Jack ; make mine ALL velvet : I'll have no sham about me." Soon after when Jack had got his waistcoat on, he met the admiral in the street ; but instead of taking off his hat (for which he felt himself too great) he held his coat lappets up with one hand, with the other he clapped his back. "No shams here, admiral ! no sham about me : stem and stern alike, dy'e you see !"

After the memorable capitulation of the British troops at Saratoga, Gen. Gates, with that humanity which is ever the attendant of true courage, invited Burgoyne to his tent, and used him as an unfortunate brother : After supper, one evening, Burgoyne, in a jocular manner, observed, "Gates, who the d—l made you a General ?" Gates gravely replied, "My country sir." Sir, if your country had consulted your abilities she would rather have made you a man-midwife." "And so she did sir ; and from experience you must acknowledge I have been a pretty successful one ; for in one day I delivered you of Seven Thousand."

An Irish baronet, walking out with a gentleman one day, was met by his nurse, who requested charity. "I will give you nothing, said he, you played me a scandalous trick in my infancy." The old woman, in amazement, asked what injury she had done him ? He answered, "I was a fine boy when you took me to nurse, and you changed me for a poor sickly brat of your own."

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